

PUBLISHED THURSDAY MORNING, BY
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PUBLISHER AND PROPRIETOR.
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E. HOLMES, EDITOR.

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the year; Two dollars and fifty cents if payment is
delayed beyond the year.
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shall be entitled to a seventh copy for one year.
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out expense to subscribers.

MAINE FARMER.

"Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man."

Queries and thoughts upon the Culture of Win-
ter Wheat in Maine.

We received the following communication last
week. Our friend will perceive that we have not
published his jokes about the "White House" and
"Big Chair," nor his caustic remarks upon some of
the non-producing "orators of the day," who were
undoubtedly

"Born
To sat up the corn."

His observations respecting winter wheat are
worthy of attention. Experiments in regard to
raising this variety of wheat have not been suffi-
ciently tried. We should like to know how the
success of raising winter wheat in Maine will com-
pare with that of winter rye. We think there
would be no difference, and yet our farmers do not
hesitate to raise the latter, notwithstanding it is
sometimes cut off by spring frosts. [Editor.]

MR. HOLMES—I am determined to make more
than three per cent. on my capital invested in agri-
culture. I intend to sow some winter wheat this
year, in order to make my farming more profitable;
and I wish to inquire of the readers of the Maine
Farmer, if capital invested in raising winter wheat
would be a profitable investment? I suppose that
the farmers of Kennebec have not tried the experi-
ment on a large scale yet. What are the difficulties
in the way of raising winter wheat? I suppose
the principal one is the liability of winter-
killing, and the heaving out of the roots by frost.
Could not the last objection be obviated by burying
the seed deeper than we are in the habit of doing
by the harrow? Have experiments been tried as to
what is the proper depth for grain? Do we
generally plant any grain deep enough? Fre-
quently I have noticed, after a smart shower, three
fifths of the grain above ground, which shows that
most of it covered but slightly. Is one inch the
proper depth, or two, or more, or how is it? I ask
the manufacturers of farmers' tools if they cannot
furnish us with a better implement to cover grain
than the harrow? The cultivator does not do the
work perfectly, although better than the harrow.
Cannot a series of small plowshares be confined in
a frame similar to a cultivator frame, which shall
completely turn over the ground and seed, and
place the seed in rows? Would it not be better to
have the grain stand in rows?—would it not be less
likely to blight and mildew? If grain stood in
rows there would be a free circulation of air through
it, which I think would be of great advantage to
the crop.

Will farmers be so good as to give their ideas
freely upon the subject to the readers of the Maine
Farmer, and try to hit upon some method whereby
we can make capital invested in agriculture pay
more than three per cent.

Winslow, Sept., 1844.

A New Disease in the Potato Crop.

We last week fell in with a gentleman from the
upper part of Worcester county, who informed us
that in his neighborhood the potato crop, which had
been promising, was becoming almost a total loss
by reason of a rot which had come upon them. The
tops suddenly became dead, and the potatoes are
rapidly decaying.

The following item on the same subject, which
we cut from the Daily Mail, shows that the disease
is becoming somewhat extensive:—

[Boston Freeman.]

ROT AMONG POTATOES.—A gentleman from
Cheshire Co., N. H., states that in all that section of
the country the potatoes are afflicted with that com-
paratively new disease called the rot, which threat-
ens to prove more destructive to the potato fami-
ly than was the cholera, or even the late blight, a total
loss of the crop being feared. Some farmers have tried
the disease commenced among the potatoes in the
State of New York, some five years since, and has
been gradually enlarging the sphere of its operation
until it has extended over nearly the whole State of
New York, a part of Pennsylvania and Ohio, and a
part of Vermont, New Hampshire and Maine. It
has also commenced its work of havoc in some of
the towns of Massachusetts; and how far it may
extend itself even to the present season, it is impos-
sible to say. Some farmers have tried the experi-
ment of digging their potatoes when stricken by
this disease; but it is found that they rot even worse
in the cellar than in the field. But for this, the po-
tato crop this year would be unparalleled in the his-
tory of the country, both for quantity and quality.
It is fortunate for the poor that all kinds of grain
have come in remarkably well, so that there will be
no lack of food, even if the potato crop is entirely
cut off.

If any of our readers have an opportunity to save
potato balls or the seeds of this plant, we advise
them to do so. The tops with the balls on can be
hung up under a shed and dried, and kept ready for
planting next spring. It is the opinion of several
eminent agricultural writers in Germany, Russia,
and Great Britain, that by continuous propagation
from the tubers for many years, without recurring
to the natural seed of the plant, it has lost much of
its vigor and vital power. A late number of the
Journal of the Royal Agricultural Society, of Eng-
land, has a valuable paper written by a Russian, on
this subject, whose name we do not remember.—
The "Dry Gangrene," or a disease which may be
designated by some other name, has affected, for
several years, the potato crop of Great Britain, Ger-
many, Russia, and Sweden. In each of these coun-
tries, and on the Hudson River, in New York, and
we know not how many other places, new seedlings
have been propagated, which are said to be much
superior to any old roots.

TRANSPLANTING FRUIT TREES.—Mr. Lovett, of
Beverly, Mass., plants his fruit trees between the
29th of August and last of September—immedi-
ately after the summer drought, when the summer
growth of wood has ripened. He cuts off all the
leaves before removing, with a pair of sharp scis-
sors, and then, in the morning of a clear day, raises
the tree, and places the roots in a tub of soap suds
till the afternoon, then replants them. He also grafts
in Autumn (he does not mention at what time), for
fruit for the next year.—[Hovey's Mag.]

A boy named John Neal, aged only thirteen
years, recently robbed a house in Pittsburgh, (while
the family were at church) and buried the money in
the earth. He had an accomplice of about the same
age.



A Family Newspaper; Devoted to Agriculture, Mechanic Arts, General Intelligence, &c. &c.

VOL. XII.

AUGUSTA, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1844.

NO. 40.

Cattle Show and Fair

Of the Kennebec County Agricultural Society, to be
held at the State House, in Augusta, on the second
Wednesday and Thursday (9th and 10th) of Octo-
ber, 1844.

The Trustees offer the following Premiums, sub-
ject to the rules and regulations of the Society:
ON STOCK.

- For the best yoke Working Oxen, one year's
subscription to the Maine Farmer, and \$4 00
" second do. do. 4 50
" third do. do. 3 50
" fourth do. do. 2 00
" best team of Oxen from any town in
the County, not less than ten pairs, 12 00
" second best, 10 00
" best yearling Steers, Diploma and
" second best, 5 00
" best team three years old Steers, as
above, 5 00
" second best, 3 50
" best pair three years old Steers, Diplo-
ma and 3 00
" second best, 3 00
" third best, 2 00
" best pair two years old Steers, 2 50
" best yearling Steers, Diploma and 2 00
" second best, 1 50
" best pair Steer Calves, 2 00
" second best, 1 00
" best Bull, not less than two years old,
a copy of "Fac Simile of Washing-
ton's Letters on Agriculture," and 4 00
" second best, 4 00
" best yearling Bull, Diploma and 3 00
" second best, 2 50
" best Bull Calf, Diploma and 2 00
" second best, 2 00
" best third best, 1 50
" best Milch Cow, a copy of "Fac Simile
of Washington's Letters on Agricul-
ture, and 3 00
" second best, 4 00
" third best, 3 00
" fourth best, 2 00
" best two years old heifer, Diploma and 3 00
" second best, 2 50
" best yearling Heifer, Diploma and 2 00
" second best, 2 00
" best Heifer Calf, 2 00
" second best, 1 50
" best Milch Ewe, a copy of "Fac Simile
of Washington's Letters on Agricul-
ture, and 3 00
" second best, 2 50
" third best, 2 00
" best Buck, a cross of Merino with any
other breed, Diploma and 2 00
" second best, 1 years subscription to the
Maine Farmer, 1 50
" best Boar of any breed, 1 years sub-
scription to the Maine Farmer and 2 00
" second best, 2 50
" third best, 2 00
" best Breeding Sow, 3 00
" second best, 2 00
" best litter of Pigs, not less than six, 4 00
" second best, 3 00
" third best, 2 00

PLOUGHING MATCH.

To the person who shall plough 1-8 acre of sward
land in the best manner, taking into account the ex-
pense, the length of time, and condition of the
team when the work is completed, 6 00

For the second best, 5 00

" third best, 4 50

" fourth best, 4 00

" fifth best, 3 50

To the person who shall have adopted the most
economical and profitable method of keeping poultry;
a statement of the number and kinds kept, the
expense of keeping, kind and quantity of food given,
the profits, and other particulars that may be
important in conducting this branch of business, to
be given in writing for publication, 4 00

For the second, 3 00

CROPS.

For the Best crop of Summer Wheat, not less
than one acre, one year's subscription
to the Maine Farmer, and \$4 00

" second best, do. do. 4 00

" best crop of Indian Corn, one acre, 3 00

" one year's subscription to the Maine
Farmer, and 3 00

" second best, do. do. 4 00

" best crop of Rye, one acre, 4 00

" do. White Beans, on 1-2 acre, 4 00

" do. Peas, on one acre, 4 00

" do. Oats and Peas, one acre, 4 00

" 1-2 Peas, 4 00

" second best, do. do. 4 00

" best crop of Oats, one acre, 4 00

" second best, do. do. 3 00

" best crop Ruta Baga, on one acre, Di-
ploma and 6 00

" second best, do. do. 5 00

" best crop, do. on 1-2 acre, 4 00

" second best, do. do. 3 00

" best crop, do. on 1-6 acre, 2 00

" best crop flat Turneps, on 1-4 acre, 2 00

" second best, do. do. 2 00

" best crop Onions, not less than 20
bushels, 3 00

" best crop Potatoes, one acre, Diploma
and 5 00

" second best, do. do. 4 00

" best Crop, do. on 1-2 acre, 4 00

" second best, do. do. 3 00

" greatest quantity of Roots raised on
one farm, exclusive of Potatoes raised
for market, Diploma and 4 00

" best crop Pumpkins, on 1-2 acre, 3 00

" second best, do. 1-4 acre, 3 00

" best crop Carrots, 1-4 acre, 4 00

" best crop Flax, 1-4 acre, 4 00

" greatest quantity of Garden Seeds, not
less than 10 lbs. and well cleaned, 3 00

" best specimen of Grapes, not less than
20 pounds, to be examined in commit-
tee of the whole at the dinner table, 1 50

" best specimen of fall Apples, not less
than one bushel, fit for use at the time
of exhibition, and to be examined as
above, 1 00

To call the attention of all to the importance of
this branch of husbandry, and to increase the num-
ber and quality of fruit trees.

For the best nursery of apple trees, or of apple
and pear trees already sown or to be sown the en-
suing fall, a statement of the location and character

of the soil, the process of preparing the ground, the
kind of seeds, whether from select or promiscuous
fruit, to be given in writing, on not less than 1-8
acre, Diploma and 3 00

To the person who shall the present season most
improve his fruit trees by engrafting, the number
and quality of the scions set, and the mode of set-
ting to be stated, Diploma and 2 00

To the person who shall raise the greatest quan-
tity and best quality of winter apples, a written
statement of the quantity, and a specimen of the
several varieties to be presented to the adjudging
committee, 1 50

For a written statement of the best conducted
experiment in seeding land to grass in the fall, or
for the best Essay on this subject, 5 00

MANUFACTURES.

To the person who shall, during the season
prepare at the least expense, fifteen cords
of compost manure, not more than one
third from stables, a statement to
be given in writing of the process and
expense of Manufacture, one Vol. Maine
Farmer and 3 00

For the best sward Plough, made in the
County, one Vol. Maine Farmer and 3 00

" second best, 3 00

" best Seed Plough, 2 00

" second best, 1 00

" best Grain Cradle, 1 00

" best Straw Cutter, 2 00

" best Drill Machine, 2 00

" best Scythe Snaths, 1-2 doz., 1 50

" best Scythes, 1-2 doz., 1 50

" best Hay Forks, 1-2 doz., 1 00

" best Manure Forks, 1-2 doz., 1 00

" best Shovels, 1-2 doz., 2 00

" best Hoes, 1-2 doz., 1 00

" best Cal Skin Boots, Men's, Sewed, 1 00

" best do. do. Pegged, 75

" best Thick do. do. Pegged, 75

" best do. do. do. Pegged, 75

" best Walking Shoes, Women's, 50

" best Kid Slippers, 50

" best Over Shoes, 1 00

" best Cheese, not less than 50 lbs., one
Vol. Maine Farmer and 2 00

" second best, 3 00

" third best, 2 00

" best butter, 40 lbs., one Vol. Maine
Farmer and 2 00

" second best, 3 00

" third best, 2 00

" fourth best, 1 00

A written statement of the mode of manufac-
turing Butter and Cheese, will be required.

For the best Palm Leaf Hats, 1-2 doz., 1 00

" best Cloth Caps, 1-2 doz., Boys', 1 00

" best Sleigh or Wagon Harness, Diplo-
ma and 1 00

" best specimen of a successful experi-
ment in manufacturing hydraulic lime,
Diploma and 5 00

" best Essay upon dye stuffs or coloring
matter found in the State, one Vol.
Maine Farmer, and Diploma, 1 00

" best specimen of Filled Cloth, not
less than 10 yards, 1 00

" best specimen of Woolen Flannel, 10
yards, 1 00

" best Bed Spread, Diploma and 1 00

" second best, 1 00

" best Table Linen, 1 00

" second best, 75

" best Woolen Carpeting, not less than
20 yards, Diploma and 2 00

" second best, 1 50

" best Hearth Rug, Diploma and 1 00

" second best, 1 00

" I have thus managed from 600 to 1,000 many
times on several days' journey; they do not appear
fatigued, but look full through the day. Our flocks
do not fall away in flesh, but often gain on their
journey. This method must look reasonable to
those who are acquainted with the nature of the
sheep; while feeding about thin pastures they are
always on the move; the most active are forward,
and they are no more inclined to feed in the night
than a flock of turkeys.

To urge them along in the winter while snow is
on the ground, one person must take a few and
drive on ahead, those behind will follow on; but to
get them along without fatigue, they must be
allowed to string along the beaten path for a reason-
able distance.

The shepherd-dog must be a valuable animal to
a flock-master, in any situation, and it is a wonder
that we have none of them in this sheepish State;
in an especial manner when there are so many
worthless animals reared among us. If any of
your readers have an extra one to spare, I would
give in exchange a valuable Merino ram for it; both
parties could thus be mutually benefited.

SOLON M. JEWETT.
[Am. Agriculturist.]

Weybridge, Vt.

TO CLEANSE CUCUMBER OR MELON SEEDS.

This is the season for saving the seeds of cucum-
bers, melons, squashes, &c. Many do not know
how to cleanse them from the mucilaginous sub-
stance in which they are imbedded. They spread
them out as thin as possible to dry, they stick to-
gether in clumps, as if glued together.

The process of cleansing them is a simple one,
and very easy indeed. When you open the cucum-
ber or melon, scrape out the inward seeds and all
into a bowl or other vessel that is capable of hold-
ing twice as much as the inward measure. Then
turn upon the mess water blood warm till the vessel
is filled. Put the vessel in the fire place, or near
the stove, where the water will keep moderately
warm, and the next day, or day after, you will find
all the mucilage, like froth, fermented and collect-
ed on the surface, and all the seeds that are good
for anything, sunk to the bottom of the bowl. Turn
off the top with all the water, leaving the seeds on-
ly in the bowl. These will be as clean and free
from mucilage or glutinous matter, as so many pub-
lic stones in pure water. Dry them and put them
away for use next spring.

But remember one thing. Don't save seeds of
cucumbers that have grown within rods of melons,
or melons that have grown near cucumbers. If you
do, you will find the fruit next year spoiled by
admixture. The melons will be half-cucum-
ber—watery and tasteless; and the cucumbers
will be half-melon, good for nothing as cucumbers.
[Gospel Banner.]

The President has appointed Andrew Jackson
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of the United States to Texas, to succeed Mr. Howard,
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It is said that the temperance reform in Massa-
chusetts has reduced the Pauper tax in that State
from 200,000 to \$41,000 per year.

The Tallahassee paper of the 10th inst. states
that the cotton crop in Florida this year will be a
very abundant one.

earnestly requested to make arrangements to attend
to the duties assigned them, and if circumstances
will not permit, to inform the Sec'y before the first
day of that day, that others may be appointed in
their stead. The principles upon which the premi-
ums are to be awarded, have been so often stated
that it is not deemed necessary to repeat them.

7. The Incidental Committee will examine and
report upon all animals, crops, and articles offered
for exhibition, which are deemed interesting and
useful; but are not embraced in the preceding list,
or do not come strictly within the prescribed rules
to govern adjudging committees.

NATHAN FOSTER,
H. G. COLE,
JOHN A. PETTINGILL, } Trustees.

Song of the Soil.

BY J. R. R. BAYLEY.

I start the ball of the beautiful flower,
And feed the bloom of the wild wood flower,
I rear the blade of the tender herb,
And the trunk of the stalwart oak I curb;
I force the sap of the mountain pine,
And curl the tendrils of the vine;
I rob the forest and clothe the plain
With the rip of fruit and the richest of grain.

The cheek of the peasant I flush with health,
And yield the sturdy yeoman wealth,
I give the Spirit of Commerce wings,
And prop the tottering thrones of kings.
The gorgeous palace and humble cot
Owe every atom to me they've got.
And the prince at his banquet, and hind at his board,
Alike must depend on me for food.

Man may boast of his creature might—
His talents in peace, and his prowess in fight;
And lord it over beast and bird,
And rule the destinies of the world;
But I am the sole and mighty source
Whence flows the tide of his boasted force—
Whatever his right, and whoever he be,
His pomp and dominion must come from me!

I am the giver of all that's good,
And have been since the world had stood;
Where's there wealth on ocean, or beauty on land,
But sprung from the warmth of my fostering hand?
Or where the object fair and free,
That claims a being, but's traced to me?
Christ's love, then, cheer the soul of man,
The wonderful might of the fruitful soil!

Driving Sheep.

I have been in the practice of purchasing and
driving sheep from one portion of this State to the
other, for several years, and it may be useful to
some of your readers to understand my method of
conveying them in the cheapest, safest, and best
manner.

We start them on the road as early as light
appears in the eastern horizon, with an assistant
before them, to prevent their rapid progress, and
many unforeseen accidents which they are exposed to.
It will take the most of one day to break them
into a proper line of march. On the first day they
will push forward several miles before they incline
to eat. As soon as they will, let them commence
feeding on the road side. The man forward will
take care that they progress but little faster than
they usually do when grazing in their pastures.
They will soon learn to run by one another two or
three rods, then stop to feed; the forward column
will frequently form a line in front, as they feed
in a proper line of march. On the first day they
companies do under military discipline. By this
even management from day to day, they will keep
full and not be fatigued. We generally let them
rest awhile at mid-day, and secure them in a small
yard about sundown, without any expense. They
are ready and convenient for their onward course
early the next morning.

I have thus managed from 600 to 1,000 many
times on several days' journey; they do not appear
fatigued, but look full through the day. Our flocks
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A day in the Country—Visit to Lindenwald.

We lately passed a beautiful summer's day in the
vicinity of Kinderhook. Among other places of
interest, we visited Lindenwald, the seat of Ex-
President Van Buren.

Good and Bad Fortune.

These phrases are as absurd when uttered in regard to individuals as when applied in reference to nations. The elements of success or ruin are all in men; and by their own conduct do they carve out their own fortunes. A run of good luck is nothing more than an intelligent mind which knows how to take advantage of opportunities; a vein of ill luck is the natural chain of unhappy consequences, resulting from neglect, mismanagement, or other principles of ruin inherent in, or belonging to the individual himself.

Let us illustrate our position by a short sketch of the career of the Rothschilds. The father of the brothers, Mayer Anselm, was originally a poor boy, who was educated for a teacher. He obtained an introduction into a banking house in Hanover, and by frugality saved a small amount of capital. This he increased by sagacious measures, and his integrity obtained him nomination as agent to the Prince of Hesse. He pursued a career of unexampled perseverance and industry, and in a period of twelve years about \$500,000,000 were raised by him for different powers. He left behind him four sons who now carry on business in the four great cities of Europe. But how have they obtained their immense wealth, their great influence, and their unparalleled credit? Surely not by good fortune? No—by their good conduct, the principles of success are in their minds. They have risen from a humble sphere to their present proud eminence by judicious enterprise, by a sagacious and systematic series of operations, (which thousands of others had the same opportunities to take advantage of) a reputation for fair dealing, and a correct estimate of men and events. One instance may be quoted, the Almaden quicksilver mines of Spain have for years been farmed by the house of Rothschild. No other firm would bid for them in consequence of the distracted state of the country; the Rothschilds saw that the business was nevertheless a safe one, and entered upon it; they obtained the contract at a low rate, and derived an immense annual revenue therefrom. Other houses might have entered into the competition, the Rothschilds was not therefore only to the Rothschilds. The brothers are indebted for their success, in a measure, to their obedience to the fundamental maxims laid down by their deceased father; they conduct all their operations in common, and jointly wield a power which is immense; every proposition of magnitude made to one of them is submitted to the deliberation of all—no project is adopted until thus fully discussed, and it is then executed by united efforts. Another principle is not to aim at exorbitant profits, to set definite limits to every operation, and so far as human prudence and foresight can do, to render it independent of accidental influences. In this maxim lays one of the main secrets of their success.

The reasonableness of their terms, the punctuality with which they execute their contracts, the simplicity and clearness of their plans, and the judicious manner of carrying them into effect, justify their credit. A constant exchange of courtesies is kept up between them, and these are frequently in advance of those of government.

In answer to these arguments we know that many of our readers will be inclined to urge—"But I know a man who fails in every thing he undertakes, and yet he is honest, diligent, persevering, economical, and clever. Still, whatever he touches, he fails; whereas his neighbor turns every thing into gold which he touches." To this we reply, that many people are outwardly possessed of all the good qualities constituting the elements of success in life, but that, in reality, within, there is some principle of ruin which remains unseen by the eye of the world generally, but not the less surely, undermines all their plans and projects.

Individual Effort.

Everything is accomplished by it—no great reform or plan for the improvement of mankind was ever originated and carried forward, save by individual effort. The masses never start up in a body and adopt this or that mode of reform, moral or political—there must be a pioneer, a leader, one to start the thing; and after him many more to put their shoulders to the work individually. When impressed with the truth of a thing, we should not wait for our neighbor or neighbors to think as we do, before putting our thoughts in practice—we should go right about it, do as we think is just and right, regardless of the opposition and sneers of those whose habits and prejudices run counter to it; remembering that "example is better than precept," and that "actions speak louder than words."

Many people, however deeply the necessity of reform or improvement may be felt by them, have not the courage to encounter difficulties by acting up to their sense of right, especially if the sense of right be opposed to the habits and prejudices of those around them. What can I do, they say, (or think), with so many opposers to me? But in this they make a great mistake—millions are counted by beginning with an unit, and by individual effort the most stupendous undertakings are carried forward to successful issue. In political matters, we are frequently told of how much has been accomplished by a single vote, and the fact has been over and over again proved that the most simple and apparently unimportant act of our lives has exerted the greatest influence, not only over them, but on the destinies of others. We cannot calculate the amount of good or evil that flows from the neglect or use of individual effort. Oftentimes the neglect of doing what we know to be right, is productive of more evil than a positive wrong. We are therefore called upon to do whatsoever our reason teaches us to be right, as well as to abstain from what we know to be wrong.

Every man should feel that he is individually responsible for his acts, and that because others do what his judgment teaches him to be wrong, it is no excuse for him supinely to follow in their track. Every man should think for himself, and so thinking should act. In political matters, his vote should be given according to the dictates of his judgment, regardless of how others vote around him—it is his privilege, the sign of his freedom, and he knows not how much, in the aggregate, may depend upon this individual exercise of his will. In morals, in religion, it is the same. The individual is accountable, and he should never forget the responsibility that attaches to him, or fancy that the humbleness of his situation in life deprives him of the rights and privileges of manhood, or exempts him from a performance of the duties belonging thereto.

In a moral and political point of view, we are all equal, and the most important results may (and more frequently do) hinge upon the actions of a poor man, as well as upon those of his rich neighbor. Let us never forfeit our independence and manhood by supineness or flinching or forget how much may be accomplished by individual effort. [Boston Bee.]

Go and Sin no More.

The first words printed in the language of the Sandwich Islanders, were "Go, sin no more;" and the second sentence was, "Cense to do evil and learn to do well." There are now several converted heathens in good standing in the church who ascribe their first impressions of christian truth to these simple words. In further illustration of the sublime power of the plain language of the Bible, I will relate the following:

In one of the New England States, many years ago, a young man was arraigned to take his trial before a jury of his country, on an indictment for theft. The testimony bore every strong against him; but his counsel labored with great skill to dispose of it so as to produce doubt of his guilt on the mind of the jury. He was better able to do this, in consequence of sympathy which the looks of the prisoner excited in his behalf. Not to occupy time with unnecessary details I will proceed to that part of the case which illustrates my idea. The counsel closed the argument for the prisoner with the passage:

"I must ask you, then, gentlemen of the jury, to render a verdict in this case in the spirit of kindness, and at the same time, of admonition. Say to the prisoner, we are grieved to find that the testimony bears so strongly against you; but you may be innocent. Your guilt or innocence is known to yourself and your Maker. We, fallible men, have some doubts. We will not, therefore, confine you in a prison, and shut you out from society. We will not put you in a cage, and treat you like a wild beast. You look like a man; yes, you look like a man. Go forth, then, and enjoy the free air of heaven. Mount up the hills; look down thence upon the streams and valleys below; wander among the forests and fields; look upon the smiles of children, and listen to the songs of birds. Go forth; go free—go, and sin no more."

In saying these last words, tears came into his eyes, his voice faltered, and he sat down. At the same time the prisoner rose in his seat, as if acting under the influence of a command he could not resist, deliberately descended from the prisoner's box and was making his way out of the court room, when the Sheriff grasped him by the collar. His counsel rose again, and said he hoped, if the prosecuting attorney and the jury had no objection, the court would order the sheriff to let him go.

The prosecuting attorney, tho' unused to the melting mood, turned to the court with strange damp spots on each cheek, and with an unusual quivering and softness of voice, said that he had no further remarks to offer to the jury.

The court turned to the jury, saying, "Gentlemen we have no charge to give."

Foreman. "We have a verdict to render, of not guilty."

Clerk. "So say you all gentlemen."

The jury bowed, and the prisoner, like an uncaged bird went on his way rejoicing.

Now the prisoner goes to pay the lawyer's fee, and is told by him, not a dollar will he accept that has not been honestly acquired.

"If," said he, "you have stolen this money, let none of your future earnings be considered your own, until you have paid up the utmost farthing."

Useful man! I honor you! The very next day the young man was seen doing service in the employment of the man who had lost the money.

Many years have elapsed since these incidents occurred, and the rescued prisoner cannot now see or think of the words, "Go, sin no more," without weeping. He is at this time a good citizen of Cincinnati, a prosperous, an honest and a pious man. [Messenger.]

We think so, too.

The New York True Sales says:—"The practice of raising hickory poles and ash poles, with all the pomp and circumstance accompanying their elevation, is not only absurd but degrading. Sticking dead trees into the ground, and then getting drunk in honor of the exploit, is a poor way for intelligent freemen to display their patriotism."

We are decidedly of this opinion. The practice is not only foolish, but dangerous.—We have read of several accidents occurring at the raising of these political poles—limbs broken, heads bruised, and in one or two instances death outright have resulted therefrom. The Mayor of Rochester—which city has been designated the polar region on account of the number erected there—impressed with a sense of the danger of such a practice, has forbidden the raising of any more such emblems in that city. If politicians (so called) will make fools of themselves, let them not jeopardize the lives of their tools in carrying out their folly. As the paper above quoted aptly remarks, "there is very little argument in a hickory or ash pole, and the erection of them is certainly not needed to confirm men of sense in their political principles." [Bee.]

DEATH FROM THE BITE OF A RATTLE-SNAKE.—Dr. Stadin, of Saratoga, N. Y., died last week from the bite of a rattlesnake. From some strange infatuation, the Doctor had been in the habit of amusing himself with about fifty snakes of several kinds in a small room in his house, twenty-five of whom were rattlesnakes deprived of their fangs. He had great confidence in certain preventives against their virus, and it is said had inoculated himself and his family with the latter. On the 12th inst., the Doctor accompanied several persons to the snake room, and as usual, commenced handling and petting them. In attempting to take hold of a large one, it bit him on the right hand, between the little and adjoining finger. Almost as quick as thought, the hand commenced swelling, and before the preventive could be applied, the place of the bite had swollen to the size of a butternut, and so closed the wound, that the medicine if there is any virtue in it, could not take effect. Within one hour after he was bitten, he was overcome by its effects that he could not sit up; went to his bed, was bled as often as once an hour during the succeeding night, lingered through the next day until about seven o'clock in the evening, when he died, a victim to his own folly.

ROOT OR DIRT.—There is no hole so narrow or dirty that a pig will not squeeze through, squealing voraciously all the while, to secure a mouthful of corn from the public crib. No animal makes so loud a noise at a rival mishap, and none gets over it so quickly, and gets off so quietly, as a pig. Obstinate and perverse, they are possessed of a species of laconic brevity, in which they have the advantage of public men, and editors who write long articles. A pig's whole life is a farce, and ends by being hung up by the heels, with a stick in his mouth, subject to the orders of the kitchen cabinet; a melancholy resemblance to the fate, in our day, of some distinguished politicians.—[Willis.]

MAINE FARMER.

AUGUSTA, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1844.

Lay Sermons to Lay Hearers.

BY A LAY-TO PREACHER.

No. 2.

TEXT.—When the purse is empty and the kitchen cold, then the voice of flattery is no longer heard. [OLD SAW.]

Well, my hearers, what do you think of the text? It isn't holy writ it is true, and yet it is as true as holy writ. It is founded on human nature, and deduced from the admonitions of experience itself. If you don't believe it, you can try the experiment. Fill up your purse and go out into the world, and rattle it. You will find mankind come blarneying and buzzing around you like a flock of sheep at the rattle of the farmer's salt box, or a swarm of flies around a honey pot. Warm up your kitchen. Let the fires of your cookery steam up the vapor of rich pastry and fat roasts, and the music of the crockery and rattle of the knives and forks be heard in your dining room, and you will soon find a flock of hungry parasites at your elbow, bowing and whispering soft praises in your ear, while they drink your health right often, eat from your best viands, and stuff their hungry and capacious naws from the best cut on your table. There is no mistake about it. Never in the world did you ever see such friends. Excellent friends—fast friends, if sticking fast to their own interest and eating fast from yours may be called fast.

An acquaintance, who was "well off," as the saying is, once complained to us that he had so many friends that it took most of his time to wait upon them. He didn't know what to do. Why, my good sir, it is "just the easiest" thing in the world to make them *scad*. Turn your purse round side out, and let them see its emptiness. Let your kitchen fire go out and let them sniff its ashes, and depend upon it, you'll soon have time enough on hand for all waiting upon friends. What, said he, would you have me be a hog in order to get rid of my friends? By no means. Go on—your purse will become emptied in spite of you, and your kitchen fire go out in consequence, and you will then become a hog, to all intents and purposes, in the eyes of those who are now stuffing both your vanity and their stomachs at your expense; for when they find your rhino gone, and the roast beef come up missing, they will as soon visit and speak peaceably to a hog as to you. He went on—blowed it out well—lived fast and fast—and finally died in the poor-house, and was buried with not a mourner at his grave. That's the way of it. The poor fellow's purse was empty and his kitchen cold, and the voice of flattery was no longer heard there. Oh no—indeed; and why? Why, forsooth, there was none of what the lawyers call *quid pro quo* forthcoming. There was no "valuable consideration." The salt box was empty, and the sheep would not listen to it, shake it ever so hard. The savory fumes and the substantial from the kitchen were minus, and could not attract the flies of the world as of yore. Aye, but what shall we do? Shall we live like a Hermit and have no companions, no social enjoyments—or shall we all turn Monks and become "christians" by austerity and self-torment? Why, no, indeed,—that's not the way. Fill your purse to a reasonable extent, and make a good use of it. Warm up your kitchen as much as prudence dictates and enjoy the good of it. Invite friends and live, like a christian, in love and peace with them. Clothe the naked and feed the hungry, not for the sake of the flattery which you may receive, but because it is your duty. There will always be some around you who are drawn by the jingle of the purse and the blaze of your kitchen, but if you are a man of "gumption" you will soon read them like a book. Don't fret; but let them pass for what they are worth. Don't rely on them; don't depend upon them; and if the misfortunes of life, which may come upon all, and do come upon many, should come upon you, and you see these creatures "cut dirt" and leave you, don't be disappointed nor cry, nor take on. Remember a law of human nature—a little touch of that total depravity we hear of once in a while.

And now mind you, my hearers, if you are convinced that when the purse is empty and the kitchen cold the voice of flattery is not heard,—to the right about face with yourselves. No man has his purse empty if he can help it. No man keeps a cold kitchen if he can help it. Then is the time to visit him. He won't expect you to flatter him; he will see at once if you do that you are mocking him. But go and give him a lift. "Use gentle words." Warm up his heart with a coal or two from the altar of social love and neighborly kindness, and you will find, to your surprise perhaps, if you have never tried it, that your own kitchen fire will burn the blither, and the coin that is left in your purse will send forth a happier and merrier jingle, for their not being so much crowded as before. Don't stop now to muse and moralize by the way. Up! away with you into the cold kitchen of some widow,—some orphan,—some helpless fellow being, and tell them to cheer up. Nay, don't tell them either, but cheer them up by solid, practical kindness. We say solid kindness, for that's the sort. Never be caught trying to warm up a cold kitchen or a cold heart, by a screwing up of your phiz into solemn shapes—or dealing out a shower of O's and A's by way of pity.—There's no more warmth in that than there is in a frozen moonbeam. True kindness, in such cases, is always solid,—something that is tangible and can be felt—remember that, and use it.

"How doth the little" Boston Bee?

"Improve each shining hour!"

The Boston Daily Bee always has a drop of honey for somebody. Last week it scattered a drop on us, and sweetened up our self-esteem mightily. O Bee! live forever; sweetening and sweetened, sweeter and sweetened, to the "crack of doom." We'll send you a handkercher full of Big Apples, the real "Jerre Bishes," before long.

If any one wishes for a first rate daily or weekly paper from the big "City of Notions," he can have either by sending the *lure* to the "Boston Bee" establishment. Price—Daily Bee, \$3; Weekly, \$1.50, in advance.

The Bee is published by an association of practical printers—seven in number—and edited by one of them, C. J. Howland, with much ability. He knows just what sort of food the reader wants, and he dishes it out in no mean quantity. He sails under the following motto from Gregory: "We ought not, like the spider, to spin a flimsy web wholly from our own magazine, but, like the Bee, visit every store, and cull the most useful and the best."

Ho! for the Cattle Show!

Next Wednesday and Thursday are the days appointed for the Show of the Kennebec County Agricultural Society, which will be held in Augusta, at the State House.

The two Societies which formerly existed in this County having united and thereby consolidated the funds, it is hoped that the greater encouragement which the Society can give to our farmers and mechanics, will induce them to rally and come out with their cattle, specimens of their crops, and the works of their hands.

We have had, on the whole, one of the best of seasons. It would therefore seem that the farmer, who has been at work hard during the past Summer, can well afford to set apart the time allotted for the Show, and bring his wife and his children to enjoy the festivities of the occasion, to take his brother farmer by the hand, and to view the choice specimens which will be there collected together, that all may see by a glance of the eye, as it were, the condition of the farms and farmers throughout the county.

An address will be delivered on the second day, in the Representatives' Hall, by Mr. ELIhu BURNETT, (the "Learned Blacksmith") of Worcester, Massachusetts. A dinner will also be provided for those who feel willing to unite; and speeches, suited to the time and the subject, may be expected at the table from several of the guests.

We hope to see the *flower* and the strength of Old Kennebec assembled on that day.

Fairs.

The Oxford County Cattle Show and Fair is to be held the present season at Turner, on the 16th and 17th of the present month. We notice in the Norway Advertiser, a political rallying call to the ladies, mechanics, farmers, and others, to be present, and to bring with them every thing which may add to the interest and beauty of the Show. There appears to be a commendable zeal, in this matter, among the Oxford people.

The Franklin County Show and Fair, comes off on the 8th and 9th inst., at Farmington.

The Piscataquis County Show and Fair took place on Tuesday last, at Dover Village.

The Show and Fair of the Washington County Agricultural Society came off on Tuesday last, at Calais. Address by Hon. Bradbury, Esq.

We should be happy to receive from correspondents accounts of each of the foregoing Fairs, as well as that of the Penobscot Society. We know not when the Fairs of the two Societies in Somerset take place. We should also be pleased to submit accounts of these. Will some of our Somerset friends furnish us with them?

Singular Disease in a Horse.

We were called, the other day, to notice a singular disease in a horse belonging to Mr. W. M. Ladd of Winthrop. He had been out to grass for some time, but was discovered one day to breathe with much difficulty, and to be swollen from his mouth to his withers. His head, neck, breast and withers, and body as far back as the saddle girth, were puffed up as if some body had introduced a tube under his skin and blown it up. On pressing with your hand, you could hear the wind crackle as it escaped from under the hand and passed into other cells of the cellular membrane. This would be the case even to the tip of his ears. We cut through the skin in one or two places on the neck, and you could press the air out of the orifice thus made, by drawing your hand from any part of the neck towards it. No appearance of any wound or bruise could be discovered, and we are at a loss to account for the disease. Warm drenches of thoroughwort were given him, and a rowel put into his breast, which relieved him some; and when we last saw him, he was gnawing away upon the grass, as if he meant to make the most of his time and take his share while he staid. Who can give us an explanation of this trouble or disease?

MORE FELLOW LABORERS.—We have received the four first numbers of a new agricultural periodical, *the "Plow Boy,"* published in Cincinnati, Ohio, and "conducted" by A. Randall. It is one of the prettiest little papers you ever did see, and as smart as it is pretty. It contains eight quarto pages per number, (once a month,) and you can have it for twenty-five cents a year. The Editor says—"Lend us your hand, and we shall grow a thrifty son; lend us your heart, and the

"Little Plow Boy shall whistle o'er the lea."

VALLEY FARMER.—An excellent Farmer-looking and Farmer-like paper, with the above title, comes to us all the way from Winchester, Va. It is published every Wednesday by J. P. Bentley. It is a good one, and will do much good in the "valley," and on the hill tops too, if the people there know what is for their best interest, and will give it a hearty support.

GREAT FLOCK OF LEICESTER SHEEP.—It is a good thing to know what others are doing in and about the country, so, lest some of our readers may think that there are but few other sheep in the United States except Merinoes, we will copy a statement which we find in the Cincinnati Plowboy, and which they quote from some one.

"Mr. Reynold, a wool grower in the State of Delaware, has a flock of 1,000 Leicesters, from which he clipped 8,000 lbs. of wool last season. Mr. Reynold can sell his wool at the low price of 20 cents, (we presume he obtains more) and then realize a handsome profit from his flock."

Major Noah once said he could put little Delaware in his "breeches pocket." We think he'd have to leave out Reynold's sheep, or we should hear as much bleating from his pocket as we ever did from his head.

FANCY SKATES.—We beg pardon for saying any thing about skating, or any such cold subject, before Gen. Jack Frost has fairly entered the field, but we thought we would just tell the Kennebec boys that we saw some of the neatest skates at Fairbanks & Evelyn's, in this town, that we ever laid eyes on. They have on hand two kinds, one of them we call a *self-propelling* skate. It has a spring on the heel, which presses up against the boot as the straps get loose, and this makes all snug and tight.

There's no dodging cold weather in these "diggings," and when the ice comes it is good fun to play the "locomotive" on the "glassy plain." So, Boys, lay in a stock of "sliders" in season—real *antifrigors*.

We also examined some of what is called CLYDE GLASS, made in New York, which is first rate. We compared it with some of the imported glass of the same size, and found it not only heavier but clearer and better looking, and were informed that it is ten per cent. cheaper. If you are about purchasing, better call and look at that.

The Bible.

We copy the following beautiful lines upon the "book of books" from an exchange paper:

The noblest works of genius shall decay,
And reason's fairest lights burn out;
The sages' art, the poet's boldest flight,
Shall sink in darkness and conclude in night;
But faith triumphant over time shall stand,
And grasp this sacred volume in its hand;
Back to its source the heavenly light convey,
And in a flood of glory melt away!

No man ever read the Bible without gaining some valuable information, though he may have perused its pages often. It is full of food for our profitable reflection; and if we would but practice its teachings, we should be indeed a happy people.

As a history, where is there one so faithful? And yet, so important a book as the Bible does not get read half so much as many others of not a farthing's value; and many times we have noticed the covers of this book that had become quite dusty, so much so that you might write your name in pretty good style. Owners of such books should have a care to brush off the dust occasionally just to keep up appearances, especially if the good minister is in the habit of calling on them now and then. To be sure this will not teach them its contents, but then it will appear somewhat better; and appearance is about three quarters that is thought of in these times. Is it not a little curious that so many persons are to be found who will sit down and devour novel after novel, and yet could scarcely be hired to read a chapter of the Bible, or a page of some interesting and important history? There are many such, lamentable as is the fact.

A COOL THOUSAND FOR IT.—The Norridgewock People's Press states that at the late session of the S. P. Court, held in that town, the breach of promise case of Miss Elvira Hight vs. John Ware, both of Athens, was heard before that body, and that the Jury returned a verdict in favor of the plaintiff, to the tune of one thousand dollars. This is a caution to all faithless swains, and should teach them that in "keeping the pledge" they keep their change. So far as the dollars are concerned, this is probably a mere *flor de* upon the purse of Mr. Ware.

We hardly ever heard of a case of breach of promise in which the plaintiff (if the promisee) did not come off victorious. We once heard a victim of this kind assert that unless the promiser could prove by six living witnesses that he had been *dead* and buried ten years previous to the birth of the promisee, that it was "all up with him,"—he was sure to be victimized. We never happened to get into a "fix" of this kind, but from observation, we are of opinion that no living "critter" short of an *ed* could possibly slip through the meshes of this promise net, whether innocent or guilty. We pity the man (if innocent) who finds himself in this ticklish predicament, but if guilty, why—we've nothing more to say.

THE VOCAL ENTERTAINMENT "served up" by the Hutchinson Family, in this town, on Thursday evening last, was rather a rich treat. There were four singers, three brothers and a sister, and such "concord of sweet sounds" as they produced, we have seldom heard. Their pronunciation was excellent, and this important point in good singing is generally very poorly sustained by a large majority of our singers. There are several persons in this vicinity who are equally as good performers as the above mentioned; and we think we could select four from the number that could, with proper drilling, execute a piece of music equally as well. The Hutchinsons are from the "Granite State," and when the whole family are together, they number thirteen—quite a snug little brood.

CUMBERLAND AGRICULTURAL AND HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY.—We have received from a friend the By-Laws and list of officers and members of the Cumberland Agricultural and Horticultural Society. The officers for 1844 are as follows:

President—Edward Little, Danville.
Vice Presidents—F. O. J. Smith, Westbrook; Edmund Boody, Windham; Benjamin Roberts, Westbrook; James Ford, Gray; Henry I. Warren, Pownall; Thomas Seal, Westbrook; Charles Barrell, Gray; James Sanborn, Naples.

Corresponding Secretary—Isa Berry, Westbrook.
Recording Secretary—John G. Small, Gray.
Treasurer—James H. Baker, Portland.

REASONABLE, VERY.—One thousand dollars each is said to be the reasonable price of French dresses, for ladies, recently imported, and for sale at a fashionable shop in Broadway, New York. Here is a rare chance for you, ladies. Only think.—French dresses at the very low price of one thousand dollars. Wonder how many such suits of apparel the owners could find customers for in this region? We reckon they would lie on the shelves for at least one season. Fine business, this going to France after dresses for our American ladies.

The St. Louis Reveille thus finely hits off some poor host for not doing exactly the clever thing. Perhaps the editor boards somewhere within a thousand miles of his victim, although we don't know what business editors have to live on salmon and fowl. It is directed "To a Country Innkeeper" and reads thus—

"Your Salmon are so fat and red,
Your fowl so thin and blue,
'Tis seen which Providence has fed,
And which were reared by you."

The following pretty fair stab at the medical men is relayed by the Boston Bee. It reminds us of the song sung by one of the Hutchinson Family, which had something considerable to say about "cal-cul-me!"

CARRYING HOME ONE'S OWN WORK.—A venerable lady of a celebrated physician in Boston, one day casting her eye out of the window, observed her husband in the funeral procession of one of his patients, at which she exclaimed, "I do wish my husband would keep away from such processions—it appears too much like a tailor carrying home his own work."

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE.—The Norridgewock People's Press, of last Thursday, brings the following intelligence of a destructive fire at East Madison, quite a business little place in Somerset County:—

We regret to learn that early on Tuesday morning last, a fire broke out at East Madison, which destroyed the following property, viz: One Saw Mill, owned by Jedediah Hayden, Esq. & Son; one Grist Mill, owned by ——— Morrison; one Filling Mill, owned by Mr. Jesse Pierce, and a dwelling house and store, occupied by Mr. Reuben Kidder. Damages estimated at \$8,000. Insurance, by S. M. F. I. Co., of \$200.

The fire is said to have originated in the Filling Mill, but how is not stated.

TROTTLING MATCH.—Two Jackasses with short ears and only two feet, are going to have a trotting match on the Beacon Course, at Hoboken, N. J. on the 14th inst. A purse of \$1000 is the stake.—What one fool loses another wins.

A Chapter of Accidents.

We learn that a son of Cyrus Bishop, Esq., of Winthrop, some fourteen or fifteen years of age, was seriously injured, one day last week, by the accidental discharge of a gun, the contents (squirrel shot) being lodged in his thigh. He was in the woods, hunting squirrels and other game, in company with another lad; and while walking a short distance apart, the latter in the rear, a twig caught the lock of his comrade's gun, causing its discharge, and also the above serious accident.

The Norway Advertiser of Friday last, contains the following two similar accidents:—

ACCIDENT.—A boy by the name of Joshua Merrill, (son of widow Merrill), of Oxford, was seriously injured by the accidental discharge of a gun yesterday morning. It was loaded with a ball which passed through his hand and side and lodged in his head. There is some hope of his recovery.

ANOTHER.—We understand that the son of Elijah Jordan, of this place, was dangerously wounded one day this week, by the unexpected discharge of his gun.

The Piscataquis Farmer, of Friday, has the following:

DISTRESSING ACCIDENT.—At the raising of a saw mill in Garland, on Saturday last, one of the bands gave way and fell to the ground, striking in the fall, Mr. James Robinson, breaking all his ribs. Mr. Robinson lived about one hour and a half. Several others were hurt, but not seriously. The remains of Mr. R. were brought to this town and interred last Sabbath. He was a son of Dea. John Robinson of Dover—and was about 29 years of age, and has left a wife and two children to mourn his loss.

We take the following from the Bangor Whig of last week. It is one of the most reckless cases of downright carelessness we have heard of this many a day. It puts us in mind of Shakespeare's description of the world, where he speaks of the soldier as

"Seeking the labile reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth."

SERIOUS EXPLOSION AND LOSS OF LIFE.—We learn that on Thursday one of the workmen engaged on the Port at Bucksport Narrows was regaling himself by smoking a cigar while sitting upon a keg of powder. Several persons present remonstrated with him for so exposing himself, when in a sort of daring bravado, he declared there was no danger and applied the end of his cigar to a few grains of loose powder. The whole ignited and in an instant he was blown at a great distance and instantly killed. Seven or eight persons were injured—some of them seriously. We have not been able to obtain any names, and only to pick up these facts as they were passing from one person to another about the city.

Here is also another from the same paper:

SERIOUS ACCIDENT.—Mr. Hiram Hersey, of No. 4, Range 5th, Arrostook county, on Thursday, 10th inst., went out to hunt bears from his cornfield, and while standing on a log his gun accidentally went off, discharging its contents into the air, three balls, wad, &c., through his wrist, lacerating and burning his wrist and hand in a shocking manner. The arm was amputated by Dr. Rogers, of Patten.

From the Eastern Argus, of last week, we take the following:

FATAL ACCIDENT.—In North Yarmouth, on Saturday forenoon last, Mr. Wm. Wilson, of Brunswick, (one of the carpenters to work upon the ship, building at the Falls), jumped from the ship's railway upon the staging, which gave way at the time, precipitating him headlong to the ground, about 20 feet, breaking his neck, as is supposed, short off, and fracturing his skull very much, causing instant death.

We believe these are all the accidents we have lately noticed as occurring within the borders of this State, but we have seen many accounts of others in different sections of the country, and very many of these from the accidental discharge of sportsmen's guns.

TWINS.—George W. Perkins has been elected a Representative from Hallowell, Me., and R. F. Perkins from the adjoining town of Augusta. These two gentlemen are twin brothers.—[Boston Bee.] A slight mistake there, Mr. Bee. George is Richard's senior by some four or five years.

Railroad to Canada.

Several meetings have lately been held in Boston to promote the construction of a rail road Northward into Vermont. There are several routes, which enlist favorites, and divide the friends of the general scheme. The design is to reach the St. Lawrence. Meantime our friends in Portland begin to agitate again their plan of extending a rail road up the Androscoggin and through to Montreal. We copy from the Advertiser:

A meeting of the citizens of Andover was held on Monday, Sept. 16th, 1844, to consider the expediency of taking measures to improve the means of communication between the State of Maine and the upper parts of New Hampshire, Vermont and the Canada.

Farnum Abbott, Esq. was called to the Chair, and J. W. Tebbel appointed Secretary. The Chairman having stated the object of the meeting, called upon John A. Poor, Esq. of Bangor to address the meeting, as he had recently passed from Canada thro' the contemplated route, and was somewhat acquainted with the feeling there existing on this subject.

Mr. Poor addressed the meeting at considerable length, stating the movements in Canada and the practicability of securing a Railroad to Portland, if proper exertions were used at the present time for this purpose.

He stated that A. T. Galt, Esq. and other citizens of Sherbrooke, proposed to make a survey, for the route of a Railroad from Montreal to the Canada Line, if a survey from the State of Maine would there meet it, and that Charles Bailey, Esq. of Canada, Vt. would be responsible for a survey across the State of Vermont; and that Ezekiah Parsons, Esq. and other citizens of Concord, N. H. would be responsible for the survey across the State of New Hampshire.

Poetry.

Comparisons.

Man is the rugged lofty pine
That frowns on many a water-beat shore.
Woman the slender graceful vine,
Whose curling tendrils round it twine,
And deck its rough bark sweetly o'er.

Man is the rock whose towering crest
Nods o'er the mountain's barren side;
Woman the soft and mossy vest,
That loves to clasp its sterile breast,
And wreath its brow in verdant pride.

Man is the cloud of coming storm,
Dark as the raven's murky plume;
Save where the sunbeam, light and warm,
Of woman's soul and woman's form,
Gleams lightly on the gathering gloom.

Yes, lovely sex, to you 'tis given
To smile on hearts with angel awe;
Blind with such love a blissful heaven,
Change earth into an empyrean,
And sweetly smile our cares away.

Touch us Gently, Time.

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

Touch us gently, Time,
Let us glide down the stream
Gently—as we sometimes glide
Through a quiet dream!
Humble voyagers are we,
Husband, wife, and children three—
(One is lost—an angel fled
To the azure overhead!)

Touch us gently, Time!
We're not proud nor soaring wings;
Our ambition, our content
Lies in simple things.
Humble voyagers are we,
O'er life's dim, uncharted sea,
Seeking only some calm cove:
Touch us gently, gentle Time.

Machine Poetry—from the Sunday Mercury.

Sally Ann's away.

I mourn, I mourn, I know not why,
I feel most thundering queer;
I do not feel a pain all o'er,
But I feel it most in my dear
My mourning suit for relatives
Defunct and turned to clay—
It's something worse—I mourn because
My Sally Ann's away.

She's safe in old Connecticut
Where virtue's bound to shine;
Where beauty lasts full thirty years,
Without the least decline;
There young men never faking gay,
Except its raking hay;
I know it's all right, and yet I mourn
'Cause Sally Ann's away.

The sun don't shine as 't used to did,
The moon a withered seer;
The night all have gone to sleep
Beside the sluggish stream.
I sometimes think I'm gay—
To make folks think I'm gay—
I've got the "venerable" bad,
For Sally Ann's away.

Peaches don't taste like peaches now,
I don't know peak (or) peach;
Mourning, or mourning and milk for me,
Would answer for a meal.
There's Peggy, though—she'll cheer me up—
I'll visit her to-day,
And make arrangements for the time
That Sally Ann's away.

SPONSOR O. G.

Miscellaneous.

From the Louisville (Ky.) Journal.

Mammoth Cave.

CROGHAN'S HALL, May 27, 1844.

Here I am at the very last end of the great Mammoth Cave of Kentucky, ten miles under ground; I say the last end, because a few years ago the farthest extremity was believed to be not more than two or three miles from the entrance. Since then, however, the enterprising guide, Stephen, the Columbus of these subterranean regions, revealed to the gaze of admiring thousands a new world of wonders, such as the eye of man had never before witnessed. That these discoveries will be farther extended, and a more distant termination made known, I have no doubt, as there are some twenty large branches which still remain in primeval darkness, unexplored.

For seven long hours (they appeared short to me,) I have been toiling with rapid step to reach this place; and now having properly disposed of my share of venison, chickens, biscuit, pies, strawberries and cream, &c., in company with an agreeable party; and having quenched my thirst at the delicious spring hard by, I feel as if it would be a pleasure to commune for awhile with a kindred spirit above ground, and (with your permission) to act the part of a cicero in reviewing the scenes through which I have lately passed.

Follow me then from the Cave-house, lamp in hand, down the deep narrow valley leading to the "mouth." The lengthened shadows of the early dawn thick across our path, embowered by vine-encumbered trees; and

Along these blushing borders, bright with dew,
And in your radiant wilderness of flowers
Fair haunts spring out of every crevice.

Through the vista which opens before us, mark how the craggy cliffs of Green river tower steep and high from the very brink, their wood-crowned summit and ivy-mantled brow, bathed by the rising sun in liquid gold; and observe far down in the quiet vale, the placid green tinged waters, encircling in their embrace a lovely island.

But far different scenes await us. We feel the cool air of the cave blowing upon us, and descend by winding steps into the dark opening whence it issues. We pass the waterfall till now invisible, the door, the narrow way, and now we pause in wonder. Our feeble lights fail to dispel the gloom; above, below, around, the distant walls conceal their shadowy outline—all is darkness. This is the vestibule of the Mammoth Cave. On our right is Audubon's avenue, so named on account of the numberless bats which hybernate within its remote recesses; in front is the main cave in which our pathway lies.

Pass we on. The lofty ceiling now appears faintly visible as the eye becomes more accustomed to the darkness. We pass the Mountain, the Kentucky Cliffs, the Church, with its rock-built pulpit, its natural galleries, and "long drawn aisle," the clouds, which appear to float away above our heads, the Haunted Avenue, leading to Annetta's Dome; the Spring and Well; the Rocky Cave; the Figured Ceiling; the Grand Turn; and now the cave appears open at the top, and we see the bright stars twinkling on a dark ground, far up in the depths of ether.

Were we to proceed farther we might see many other places of interest—The Black Chambers, in which the level ceiling 170 feet wide is supported by enormous stone pillars, the cataracts, pouring a constant stream, sometimes so copious as to shake the walls; the Solitary Cave, with its Fairy Grotto and Coral Grove; the Temple, with its magnificent dome 120 feet high and covering an area of two acres; the beautiful Blue Slipper Spring

lined with crystals—a perfect gem, but we will retrace our steps, for a short distance, and enter through an opening on our left into the Deserter's Chambers. We take the branch which will conduct us to the new discoveries. We pass Richardson's Spring, the Side saddle Pit, and now the Bottomless Pit yawns before us—the *ultima thule* of the Indian inhabitants of the cave, of the saltpetre makers, and of all later adventurers up to the time of "Stephen the Illustrious," the same who now cheers these solitudes with his echoing song, or ever-during smile—a guide of thousands and a teacher of the great men of the earth in matters pertaining to his vocation.

Ere we cross the tiny foot bridge before us, we may as well descend this ladder on our right into the Covered Way, and take a peep at Gorin's Dome. We place ourselves at an open window, leaning against a parapet three or four feet high.

The guide goes to another place and sets off a bengal light. The dazzling glare reveals in front a perpendicular wall, extending as far up as the eye can reach—as far down as the eye can penetrate; the rest is a mighty void disclosing no limit.

We may now resume our journey, but time would fail were we to notice more than a few of the hundred branches:

"Caverns in caves, in deeps a lower deep,"

the halls, rooms, and innumerable curiosities scattered over a distance of seven or eight miles. We pass the Bridge, on which the timid might fear to tread, could they see the depth of the abyss which it spans; the Persico Avenue, full of formations, and remarkable for its exhilarating air; Silliman's Avenue, the Relief Hall, the narrow Winding Way, (the corpulent might feelingly say of this place "aye there's the rub!") the Bacon Rooms, in which the pendant canvassed hams make greater display than any artificial imitation, even in the renowned Porkopolis; the Holy Sepulchre—a recess containing a natural sarcophagus, veiled by staltatic drapery; the river Styx, which is now so low that we shall need no Charon; the Dead Sea, whose deep motionless waters return but a hollow sound when a rock is thrown in; the river Lethe over which we are soon ferried in a light canoe. Here the celebrated white eyeless fish are usually caught. If you are desirous to obtain one be careful not to disturb the water with the scoop, as their sense of touch of feeling is uncommonly acute. If you fail you must be contented with a crawfish, which is just as blind, though not as beautiful. We next come to the Echo river, passing by the way the entrance to Purgatory, (fifty named,) a rough winding crevice-like passage which must be threaded whenever the river is so high as to fill the arch above its present surface.

While our guide is preparing for the long voyage which we are about to take, let us observe from this elevation how distinctly the images of all things around us are reflected from the dark waters.—We see two boats united at the keel; a Stephen above and a Stephen below, both smiling so exquisitely natural, that it would be difficult to determine, except from the position, which is the original, and which the unsubstantial counterfeit. But hark! strains of faint music now greet the enraptured ear; and now more loud, more clear, the notes swell out, and gradually dissolve—echo upon echo repeats the dying sounds, till the whole arch is eloquent with voices, as if ten thousand spirits in one choir were singing their song of praise before the throne of Him who maketh all things beautiful. Nearer and nearer the sounds approach; and now far off in the dim distance, appears the form of a boat as if floating upon air.

Four flames blaze upward from the bow, and four descend unquenched; the glare reveals the lovely features of a lady who sits unconscious of the presence of admirers. It is a party returning from Cleveland's Cabinet. Let us hasten on, and as we pass, we too must try to raise a song. Here everybody sings, it requires so little effort to produce a very respectable effect. In about 40 minutes we reach the farther shore, and now stop your ears for a moment, while I fire off this light fowling-piece. Crash!—thunder!—growl!

Follows the loosened aggravated roar,
Eclipsing, deepening, mingling; peal on peal
Crash!—thunder!—growl! Heaven and earth."

Not all the lions in Caesar's menagerie, nor the great mammoth, (which is believed by many to have inhabited this cave,) nor the peacemaker, nor all together in full concert, could so well imitate the thunders of the upper world.

We now pass Mary's Stalactic Bower, Martha's Vineyard, filled with grapes, which we involuntarily taste, the Bandit's Hall with its rough scenery, the Sulphur Spring, furnishing an abundance of excellent water, and soon we reached Cleveland's Avenue, in which is the noted Cabinet. The first part which attracts the attention is the Snowball room, snowballs under feet. Beyond for more than a mile the ceiling and walls are literally covered with brilliant encrustations, white roses; leaves like those of the Corinthian capital; involutes more perfect than any carved work; fibrous gypsum, like bundles of spun glass; regularly formed crystals, &c., in endless variety. Visitors generally stop at this place, and return after having dined on the "Round Table," in a hall more gorgeously decorated than that of the knights of old.

But we will extend our walk a few miles farther. We pass the Rocky Mountains; the Dismal Hollow; examine Serene's Arbor—a truly romantic grotto, containing a spring on a stalagmite stand surrounded by beautiful translucent columns; and taking another branch arrive at last at the end of our journey in Croghan's Hall, fully repaid for a little extra labor. On our right the murmuring sound of a distant waterfall comes from a dark abyss; on our left, the glassy waveless waters of a spring rest in their quiet basin; in front a mass of stalactite prevents our farther progress; and now, after having rested awhile and taken some refreshments, we may in five hours fast walking, reach the Cave-house, from which we started.

This brief sketch may appear to you something like exaggeration, but in no particular does it paint in too glowing colors the astonishing reality. A gentleman now present who has seen the celebrated Grotto of Antiparos speak of it as a bauble in comparison. A party lately from Wier's Cave in Virginia speaks of that truly interesting place in similar terms. A gentleman from New York, who is justly proud of his own Niagara, considers this by far the greatest wonder.

Come then and see for yourself—come whether you still doubt or whether you believe.

A ride through the barrens, blossoming all over as a garden of flowers, is alone worth a trip to the cave. Here you will find a pleasant house, an obliging landlord, a table well supplied, a pure air untainted by miasmatic exhalations, and (not the least of comforts) rest at night undisturbed by mosquitoes. Here their everlasting hum is never heard—their well-sharpened proboscis is never felt. Are you fond of field sports? you may kill your own venison, turkeys, pheasants—catch your own fish, and have them cooked in any way to suit your taste. Occasionally a game at ninepins will furnish appropriate recreation, or, if you prefer a drive through the shady forest or an excursion on the river, you can be accommodated.

"When the twilight dews are falling soft," you may listen to the song of some fair lady accompanied by notes evolved by fairy fingers from the trembling strings of the piano; or, strolling wherever fancy leads, enjoy the evening promenade. Here summer diseases are unknown and all the vicissitudes of weather may be avoided. This crowning advantage you may soon be able to appreciate, and, if not here, be forced to exclaim:

"In vain I sigh,
And restless turn, and look around for night;
Night is far off, and better hours approach,
Thrice happy he! who on the sunless side
Of a romantic mountain forest crowned,
Beneath the wide collected shade reclines;
Or in the moonlight cave, divinely-echoed,
And fresh bedewed with ever-spraying streams,
Walks coolly calm; while all the world without,
Unstirred and sick, tosses in noon."
Your ever faithful friend,
E. F. L.

ELOQUENCE. 'Twas night! The stars were shrouded in a veil of mist; a cloudy canopy overhung the earth; the vivid lightnings flashed, and shook their fiery tresses in the face of heaven; the deep-toned thunder rolled along the vaulted sky; the elements were in wild commotion; the storm-spirit howled in the air; the winds whistled; the hail stones fell like a shower of pearls; the large undulations of the ocean dashed upon the rock bound shore; torrents leaped from the mountain tops; in short, it was a night awful beyond imagination; and Dutch Bill sprang from his couch with vengeance stamped upon his stern brow, murder in his heart, and the instrument of death in his hands. The storm increased; the lightning flashed with a brighter glow; the thunder growled with a deeper energy; the wind whistled with a wilder fury; the confusion of the hour was congenial to his soul and the stormy passion that raged in his bosom; he clenched his weapon with a sterner grasp; a demonic smile gathered on his lips; his hair stood on end; he grated his teeth, raised his arm, sprang with a fearless yell of triumph on his victim, and relentlessly murdered—a—bed-bug.

SCENE IN A COURT.—"I call upon you," said the counselor, "to state distinctly upon what authority you are prepared to swear to the mare's age?" "Upon what authority?" said the hostler, interrogatively. "You are to reply, and not repeat the question put to you." "Doesn't consider a man's bound to answer a question afore he's had time to turn it in his mind." "Nothing can be more simple, sir, than the question put." I again repeat it. "Upon what authority, do you swear to the animal's age?" "The best authority," replied the witness gruffly. "Then why such evasion? Why not state it at once?" "Why, then, if you must have it?" "Must! I will have it," vociferated the counselor, interrupting the witness. "Why, then, if you must and will have it," rejoined the hostler, with imperturbable gravity, "why, then, I had it myself, from the mare's own mouth." A simultaneous burst of laughter rang through the court. The Judge on the bench could with difficulty confine his risible muscles to judicial decorum.

SCENE IN A DOWN EAST PRINTING OFFICE. "Jim, what are you doing there on the floor?" "Why, Sir, I have had a shock." "A shock?" "Yes, Sir." "What kind of a shock?" "Why Sir, one of your subscribers came in during your absence, and offered to pay a years subscription, which produced such an effect upon me that I have been perfectly helpless ever since."

"No wonder, Jim; but cheer up; if you survive this, you are safe, as there is little prospect of another such catastrophe in this office."

CALL AT THE CAP'S OFFICE.—On board the steamboat—, a few days since, soon after leaving the wharf the bell rang, and with it came the well known cry, "All what hav'n't paid their fare, please call at the Cap'n's office and set-tl-l-l-e." Shortly after, the supper bell rang, and a passenger not altogether satisfied with his fare, called out, "Waiter-r-r, take this cup of coffee to the Cap'n's office and have it set-tl-l-ed."

THE DANDY AND THE LANDLADY.—A dandy, who wanted the milk passed to him at one of our taverns, thus asked for it: "Landlady, please pass your cow down this way."

To whom the lady thus retorted: "Waiter, take the cow down to where the calf is bleating."

A captain of a ship said to a sailor who fell overboard that morning, "you have had but an indifferent breakfast." "Not so bad," replied the tar, "for I have had a good duck."

A dealer in shell fish advertises that his oysters are fresh as a young man just out of the country, and will go down as slick as Goliath, when killed by a sling.

Describing a heroine, a writer says that she possessed, in a great degree, the strawberry of modesty, and the hot corn of affection.

The way they procure black writing ink, in South Carolina, is by whipping the negroes until they cry, and then catching the tears.

A Yankee has invented a drilling machine, to which he calls the attention of "military" companies.

A coquette is said to be a perfect incarnation of Cupid. Cozy! She keeps her beau in a quiver. Turn him out.

Why is a practicing magistrate like an imtemperate one? Because he frequently leaves the bench for the bar.

Why should dentists always have the blues? Because they look down in the mouth.

Why is a door off its hinges like a scape-gallows? Because it is unhung.

Short Patent Sermon.

BY DOW, JR.

These words will form the text to my present discourse:

Be meek, be humble, O ye proud!
Consider what you are.

My hearers—I am sorry, but not surprised, to see that, with most of you, there is too much ostentatious starch in your natures, and an overplus of stiffening in your corporeal compositions. It is my province and purpose to render you, if possible, somewhat supple by the application of such elementary oil as will penetrate to the interior of your hearts, and make your whole systems as soft and pliable as wax, though they be as arid and hard as an old barrel. You need warming. The heart's cold tallows must be melted by the fire of devout enthusiasm before man's obstinate pride can be softened to yield. I am sure that I can warm and soften you by constantly working at you, as I would at a lump of putty that has become hardened for want of handling.

My friends—if rubbing you well with the grease of persuasion won't produce meekness and flexibility, I am confident that I can never make you mellow by mauling. So let me entice you. Know ye that humility is the root from which shoot forth all the heavenly virtues. It produces a tree that bears buds, fragrant blossoms, and golden fruit at the same time. It is not a tree, my dear friends, that rears its high head to the heavens, to be riven by their derbolts and uprooted by hurricanes, but a modest bush, that bends before the blast, and regains its upright position when the storm has ceased to rage. They are the perfect pictures, the exact emblems, of human haughtiness.—There they stand, denuded and scalped by the marring elements, and belligerent winds have beaten against their breast till they are as barren of beauty as an old maid in the October of her existence. They look down, as it were, with supreme contempt, upon the verdant and teeming plains below; but they know not the peace and calmness that there preside. See how the humble valleys thrive with their borders full of flowers, while the hills are hampered by Jove into the very excellence of uncutness; and learn from thence a lesson that shall profit you in after years. These valleys are lonely, but lovely—they bloom with beauty despite the rough winds that howl over the mountain tops, and disrobe them of almost every outward attraction.

My hearers—pride must have its fall. It stands upon such a dimly foundation that the tempests of time will undermine it, and down the fair fabric must tumble to be demolished in dust. When it breaks, it snaps like a pipestem into more pieces than one; and no cement has yet been discovered possessing sufficient cohesion to hold the broken fragments together. In the plenitude of our purses, and thro' the influence of vain conceits, you carry your heads high, and walk as tho' you were composed of cast iron and with a steel spring at each joint; but when your money is minus, you begin to yield. You grow flexible. You find yourselves gradually lowering, till finally you are looked down upon by the very ones whom you were wont to pass in the public ways without exhibiting the weakest sign of recognition. At any rate, whether your pockets are loaded with lucre or not, age and experience will teach you wisdom; and wisdom will eradicate every particle of foolish pride from your systems, as thoroughly as a box of Brandreth's pills ever rid a sick stomach of all impurities. Time will make you limber and cause you to lop in spite of every exertion that the will may make; and Death comes eventually to rob you of that all for which you have sweated, toiled and struggled through life.

My dear friends—consider what insignificant creatures you are in the eye of Omnipotence, that you should be thus puffed up with the gas of vanity. You are mere worms, that crawl along the pathway of life; and when you are crushed by the foot of Fate, there is not a blood-stain, not even a grease-spot upon the earth's drapery, to tell that you once lived and moved and had a being. A stone may mark the spot where rest your mortal remains; but in a few years, it would be difficult to distinguish between the dust that was once animating and enlivened a living soul, and that which nourishes toad-stools, squashes, pumpkins and potatoes.

My over-blown brethren—if one of you could seat yourselves upon a thunder-cloud, ride round the world, and take a panoramic view of what passes upon earth, you would see that man, with all his might and majesty, is but a weak and sickly thing—an insignificant insect of an hour—a mere bedbug upon the broad blanket of creation. To-day he looms largely, and to-morrow he is laid low in the dust to be remembered no more. Be meek, my friends, be humble and lowly, in order that you may rise in the estimation of your fellow beings, and eventually ascend to heaven; for bear it in mind, that every bird has to squat before it can fly. So mote it be!

"Slick," says he is acquainted with a man whose hair is so red and luminous, that his wife frequently starts up at midnight, and imagines that it is sunrise, such a blazing halo does his head shed round the room.

A person once lamenting his hard fate, remarked that if he had died when an infant in his cradle, "it would have been as much as \$50 in his pocket."

They are getting up in Philadelphia a "Female Native American Association." Though it is not so strange either, for there would be no native Americans without them.

"Aint it wicked to rob this hen-roost, Jim?" "That's a great moral question, Gumbo—we've no time to argue it—hand down another pullet."

Some person observes that you may as well try to saw a crowbar in two with a piece of notched gingerbread, as to think of winning the affections of a young lady now-a-days without money. Don't believe him.

A young physician asking permission of a lady to kiss her, she replied, "No, sir; I never like to have a doctor's bill thrust in my face."

That was a dose, sure.

"Bill, I think that big bloated-faced moon up there must be very dry." "Why so?" "Because it hasn't had a horn for a fortnight."

We are all in bed, and require rest," as the oyster said to the fisherman.

Why is a riot or mob like the movement of a railroad car? Because it is a low-combination.

NEW ENGLAND TRUSS MANUFACTORY.

THE subscriber still continues to manufacture Trusses of every description, at his residence, at the old stand, opposite 24, No. 305, Washington street, Boston, entrance in Temple Avenue, up stairs. All individuals can see him above, at any time at the above place.

Having had twenty years' experience, he has afforded relief to three thousand persons, for the last five years. Any man or woman of relief who call and try Trusses of his manufacture. He is now confident he can give every individual relief who may call on him.

The public are cautioned against the many quacks who promise what they cannot perform.

Having worn the different kinds of Trusses, more or less, that have been offered to the public for the last twenty years from different patent manufacturers, and now continues to wear those of his own manufacture, he is now able to decide, after examining the rupture, what sort of Truss is best to adopt to all the cases that occur; and he has on hand as good Trusses, and will furnish any kind of Truss that can be had elsewhere.

J. F. manufactures as many as Twenty different kinds of Trusses, among which are all the different kinds similar to those that the late Mr. John Beath, of this city, formerly made, and all others advertised in Boston, together with the patent elastic spring Truss, with spring metal—Trusses without steel springs—these give relief in all cases of rupture, and a large portion produce a perfect cure—they can be worn day and night, improved hinge and pivot Truss; unaltered spring Trusses, made in four different ways; Trusses with ball and socket joints, Trusses for Prolapsus Ani, by wearing which, persons troubled with a descent of the rectum can ride on horse back with perfect ease and safety. Mr. F. also makes Trusses for Prolapsus Uteri, which have been worn in cases where pessaries have failed. Suspensory Trusses, knee caps and back bands are always kept on hand. As a matter of convenience and not of speculation, the undersigned will keep on hand the following kinds from other manufacturers, which they can have if his stock suits them; after a fair trial they can return for any of them; Dr. Hall's; Read's Spiral Truss; Ruelle's; do.; Salmon's ball and socket; Sherman's patent; French; do.; Marsh's Improved Truss; Bateman's do., double and single; Stone's Trusses; also Trusses for children of all sizes.

Any kind of Truss repaired at short notice, and made as good as new when worn.

GD Ladies wishing for any of these instruments, will be waited upon by Mrs. Foster, at the above place. Mrs. F. has been engaged in the above business for ten years, and she is confident that she will not make their complaints known to any one, except when he is permitted to refer to them—it being a misfortune, and young persons do not want their cases known.

JAMES FREDERICK FOSTER.

Boston, Sept. 18, 1844.

Sands' Sarsaparilla.

For the Removal and Permanent Cure of all Diseases arising from an Impure State of the Blood, or Habit of the System.

THIS medicine is constantly performing almost incredible cures of diseases arising from impurities of the blood and general system. It has arrested and cured numerous cases of scrofula, erysipelas, rheumatism, rheumatic gout, diseased liver, painful enlargement of the knee, elbow, and wrist joints, chronic rheumatism, sore throat, chronic constitutional disorders, and various other diseases arising from impure secretions. In this preparation, the most powerful and most efficacious remedies of labor and much expense. The great object desired is now triumphantly accomplished, in the production of a remedy possessing a controlling power over supposed incurable diseases, heretofore unknown in the history of medicine.

The following letter was addressed to our agents at Boston:

ROXBURY, Mass. May 15, 1843.

MESSRS. SMITH & FOWLER: Gentlemen—It is with great pleasure I send you the certificate of the cure of a case made upon my child by the use of Sands' Sarsaparilla. She had been troubled more or less with hereditary Scrofula from her infancy, which at length settled in her jaws, where it raged with such violence (her mouth and lips being extremely sore and very much swollen) that she could not take any nourishment except liquids from a spoon; she soon became very much emaciated, and so weak as to be unable to raise herself without assistance. The jaw bones began to decay, and four pieces, with fourteen or fifteen teeth, fell out, from the effects of this baneful, and as I feared, incurable disease. At this time her condition was dreadful to behold, and the pain so intense that she was unable to sleep, except a few minutes at a time. She had taken other preparations of Sarsaparilla and other medicines recommended for Scrofula, but without any good effect, and I had almost despaired of seeing my child cured, or even relieved of this horrible and most detestable disease, when by your recommendation (which I will always feel grateful to) I was induced to try Sands' Sarsaparilla. I procured one bottle, and after she had taken about half of the contents, I saw a decided change for the better. I continued the use of the Sarsaparilla with renewed hope—she began to improve rapidly, the foul ulcers in her mouth began to heal—she rested comfortably through the night; and now gentlemen, after using five bottles, my daughter is entirely cured—yes! I can truly say that she is better than she ever was in her life, and I attribute her cure wholly to the use of SANDS' SARSAPARILLA.

ASA F. O'NEIL.

For further particulars and conclusive evidence of its superior value and efficacy, see pamphlets, which may be obtained gratis.

Prepared and sold, wholesale and retail, by A. B. D. SANDS, Druggists,

79 Fulton street, N. Y.

Sold also by J. E. LADD, Augusta, Me., and by C. W. Hallows; by C. J. BRANCH, Gardiner; and by druggists generally throughout the United States. Price \$1 per bottle—Six bottles for \$5.

THE public are respectfully requested to remember that it is Sands' Sarsaparilla that has and is constantly achieving such remarkable cures of the most difficult class of diseases to which the human frame is subject, therefore ask for Sands' Sarsaparilla, and take no other.

July 6, 1844.

Stewart's Patent Summer and Winter Air-Tight Cooking Stove.

PERSONS who are in want of a first rate Cooking Stove, will do well to call at No. 8, ARCH ST., 1st door North of the City Hall, and see the celebrated named Stoves; which for neatness, durability and convenience, are not surpassed by any other kind of Cooking Stove whatever. Just read if you please what those persons say who have used them.

Augusta, Aug. 23d, 1844.

MR. HOLCOMB—You request my opinion respecting Stewart's Patent Cooking Stove. I have used one of them constantly for a considerable time, and for many years have tried other Stoves—some of which were considered the best that could be obtained. But I feel no hesitation in recommending this Stove as being the best I have ever used or seen, either as it respects economy of fuel, amount of work it is capable of performing, and the ease with which the work is done. The quantity of fuel necessary for its varied operations of boiling, baking, roasting and warming, is more than fifty per cent. less than that required by any other Stove that I have tried. Persons have only to use them a short time and become acquainted with their operation, to give them a decided preference over any other kind of Cooking Stove whatever. The Stove is neat, well put together, and being made of the very best materials, is not liable, when properly used to get out of repair at any time.

We the undersigned do most cordially concur in the opinions above expressed, after giving Stewart's Stove a fair trial.

D. C. STANWOOD, Augusta. W. H. BRIDGE, Augusta.

E. SMITH, " F. H. BAILEY, "

DANIEL PERRY, " FRANK DAY, "

W. WENDEBURG, " M. BAILEY, Winthrop.

J. P. DILLINGHAM, "

We have on hand several testimonials in favor of these Stoves, but for the great saving of fuel, I have used in my family a large number of Cooking Stoves, and can truly say that Stewart's Stove is much superior to any Stove I have ever met with.

JOSEPH HOCKEY,

Freedom, Waldo Co. June 14, 1844.

Persons who may wish to purchase these Stoves, are assured that if they do not answer the recommendations in every particular, after giving them a fair trial, they will be taken in exchange for any other kind that we may have on hand.

JONAS G. HOLCOMB & CO. 37

Augusta, Aug. 28, 1844.

Wanted.

AT this office, a small quantity of PEAR SEEDS, for which Cash will be paid at the rate of four dollars per quart.

Sept. 24, 1844.

Farmers, Attention.

UNITED STATES HORSE POWER & THRASHING MACHINE DEPOT.

AT the old stand in Winthrop Village, Kennebec Co., Me., (at the Winthrop Shop, so called,) will be found the most extensive Establishment for the Manufacture of the above named Machines that is found in any part of the United States.

The undersigned, having expended much time and money in travelling through nearly every Agricultural District in the Union, to ascertain the wants of the Farmer in the different parts of the Country, is now prepared to answer all orders for any of the above named Machines from any part of the United States.

We have now on hand about ten thousand dollars worth of these Machines, mostly calculated for the Southern Market, but we intend if possible to supply all orders, both North and West as well as South. As it would occupy much space here to give a description of all the Machines made at this shop, we will merely state that our Railways Horsepowers are made of any size desired, on our new and improved plan, and WARRANTED.

We have Thrashers of various kinds with Cast and wrought Iron Cylinders from 20 to 30 inches long, of a superior quality; Also, Whitman's new Separator, invented and patented by Luther Whitman and Ezra Whitman, Jr., March 29th, A. D. 1844. This machine is acknowledged to be the greatest improvement ever offered to the Farmers in this country. The simplicity of these machines, and the rapid and perfect manner in which they operate, make them render them so much more valuable than any other machine designed for the same purpose. They are so constructed that they will thrash and clean the grain at the same operation, in as rapid a manner as any other machines that thrash only. They need only to be seen in operation to be appreciated.

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